

Euster & Isaacs

HAVE RECEIVED A BIG STOCK OF Spring Goods,

Consisting of the following: A Big line of Dry Goods, Notions and Spring Suits for Men.

\$18 Brown Suits for \$13 \$12 Brown Suits for \$9
\$8 Suits for \$6 \$6 Suits for \$3 50

A Big Line of Ladies Shoes and Slippers at low prices, both tan and black. Also tan and black Slippers for men.

A Big Line of Ladies' Hats. A Big Line of Men's Hats and Derbies.

A nice Line of Ladies' Brown, Blue and Black Skirts.

We have a Big Line of Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Trunks and Suit Cases. We are going to sell our goods at very low prices. We are crowded.

COME AND SEE THE JEW STORE.

EUSTER & ISAACS, Proprietors.

FLOYD DAY, Pres. J. SAMUEL HEAD, Jr., Cashier.
F. P. CRAWFORD, Vice Pres.
M. P. DAVIS, Acting Cashier. W. S. HOPPER, Ass't Cash.

OUR BANKING METHODS ARE SATISFACTORY

To a large and growing clientele. If you are not already in this number, why not open an account now? Call in and talk the subject over with us. A call will entail no obligation. Won't you try and see?

PAIDUP CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$27,350.00

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK,

Jackson, Kentucky.

THE Southern R'y.

OFFERS VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP Homeseekers' Rates To Arkansas, Indian Territory, Louisiana, Oklahoma & Texas.

Tickets on sale the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

Apply to any Southern Ry. Agent, or write
A. R. COOK, D. P. A. B. S. YENT, T. P. A.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

E. T. ROSE S. G. SAMPLE.
ROSE & SAMPLE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
CAMPTON, KY

This firm will practice in all the courts of Wolfe and adjacent counties. Special attention to Corporation Law and Real Estate Litigation.
Offices, Second Floor Farmers' & Traders' Bank.

D. L. ALLEN,
JEWELER,
MAIN ST., OPP. POSTOFFICE.
Has for sale a nice line of WATCHES, EMBLEM PINS, EYE GLASSES, SPECTACLES, and all kinds of Jewelry.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Prices Reasonable. Please call and examine. 51-1y

Are Your Taxes High Enough For You?

A growing community needs constantly larger public revenues. More money is constantly required for roads, schools, streets, sewers, public buildings, and a great many other things that go to make the outfit of a progressive, modern community. Even economical government costs money if a community is progressive.

The question facing Kentucky is: Can the State, counties, towns and cities get the larger revenues they need to meet these increasing demands by the tax system now in use in Kentucky?

The Kentucky State Development Association realizes the importance of this question and has created a Committee on Taxation, which has for some time been engaged in investigating this question. The conclusion of this committee is in line with the conclusion reached in every State where a system of taxation similar to that in use in Kentucky has been followed.

That conclusion is that it is impossible properly to care for the growing needs of the State and of its counties and cities on the present plan of raising public revenues, without imposing upon every class of property a burden heavier than it should bear—a burden so heavy that property which can not be hidden will be undervalued; property that can be hidden will be concealed, and property that can easily be moved will leave the State.

The system by which Kentucky raises all its public revenues, State, county and municipal, is the system commonly in use everywhere fifty years ago, but which has now been abandoned, in whole or in part, by prosperous and progressive States, and which others are preparing to abandon for methods better adapted to the new forms of property that have come into existence during recent years, and better adapted to meeting the severe competition that exists between States in the effort to attract new business enterprises.

The average tax rate, including all taxes, in cities of the second class in Kentucky is about \$2.70 on each one hundred dollars of property; in cities of the third class it is about \$2.67 in cities of the fourth class it is \$2.17, and even in the small towns, in the fifth class it is \$2.10.

Manifestly, such tax rates are not conducive to development of the community. It is equally manifest that the public revenues are none too large, but that, on the contrary, they should be larger to provide many of the things absolutely needed in a progressive community. How shall these things be provided under our present system, which leaves as nothing to do but to pile an additional rate of taxation on a rate already too high, with the certainty that still more taxpayers will be driven into evasion, or plain perjury, in order to escape their taxes?

It is possible to raise these revenues by a different system, with less hardship. It is possible to meet not only all present demands, but all future demands, if we will but institute a system of taxation better adapted to the varying capacity of different classes of property, and so arranged that millions of dollars of property that now escapes taxation will be brought upon the assessment rolls, while the unjust burden that now rests upon real estate will be relieved. There is a great field of special taxes that Kentucky has not tried, and cannot try it with its tax laws in their present condition. There are successful plans of separating the sources of revenues so that the burden may be none too heavy on any particular class of property and the aggregate returns larger.

Every man pays taxes whether he is on the assessment list or not; it reaches him some way. Every man is, therefore, vitally concerned in having in Kentucky the best tax system that can be evolved

from the experience of men. It is, in fact, tied to the worst—a system that has been denounced by one tax commission after another in nearly every State in the Union as wholly unfitted to modern conditions—as putting a handicap on progress, a penalty upon honesty, a burden on the man of small means, a premium upon perjury.

The committee is sending out, from time to time, matter bearing upon various phases of this important question. If you are interested—and how can you help being interested in a matter that digs deeper into your pocketbook every year—send your name and address to the committee and it will put you on its mailing list. It costs you nothing. It commits you to nothing. You merely join in getting information on the subject from every possible source and spreading it. Every State is studying this question and great light is being thrown on it. It is a business question—the business of every man who earns a dollar—and this committee is engaged in trying to secure for it from the taxpayers of the State the attention it deserves. Every man in Kentucky can make money by helping to give the State a better system of raising public revenues.

Committee on Taxation of the Ky. State Development Ass'n.
Room 506 Columbia Building,
Louisville, Ky.

THE CAMPAIGN IS ON. Who Will Be President?

To form your opinions and keep in touch with the progress of the campaign, you will find first-class newspapers. We have made a special arrangement by which you can get the Daily Courier-Journal and the Weekly Courier-Journal for only \$1.50.

This gives you a live metropolitan paper through the campaign and the election. Order today, as subscription will start with issue of day order is received. No back numbers can be sent. Or you can have The Breathitt County News and either of the above dailies until December 1 for only \$1.50.

This special campaign offer is in effect only during June, July and August, and no subscription will be received at the reduced rate after August 31 under any circumstances.

Send your subscription orders to The News—not to the Courier-Journal or Times.

Ned.

Allison Miller has returned home from a long visit to London. He found his family well and glad to meet with him. Edward P. Turner went to Jackson on a visit and was caught upon a special jury. W. C. Strong has sold his stock of merchandise to S. A. Napier. John Watts has located at the mouth of Tennessee for the purpose of doing his future business. N. W. Miller and George Noble were very much pleased of their success in the recent examination. S. J. Miller killed a large reptile the other day better known as a "copper-head." Mariah Neace, wife of Tom Neace, died at her home on Sixteenth mile of Lost creek Monday the 25th ult. She leaves a husband and several children. Funeral service was conducted by John H. Combs and Elias Mullins at the grave yard at Austin Neace's. Revs. Henry Neace, Elias Mullins, James Neace and John H. Combs held divine service on Caney of the North fork. A large crowd was present and good order prevailed. There will be religious services held at the mouth of Cocke's fork at 4 o'clock Saturday and Sunday at the grave yard at Austin Neace's by the Rev. Elias Mullins and others. Come one, come all, and hear the gospel preached, as it was of old.

Rev. Paul Derthick went to Lexington Saturday on business.



The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

Campton Wolfe County.

County court at this place was not so well attended Monday as usually is. Sam Kash and wife, and daughter, Lucile, accompanied by Misses Nancy and Sarah Sample, of Hazel Green, were visiting relatives in Campton Sunday. S. S. Spradling and wife, of Harrison county, have been visiting in Campton during the last three or four days. The suit of George Folks against John Edwards and others was tried in Quarterly court here Tuesday. Joe Stamper, of Mt. Sterling, is in town this week in the interest of The Modern Woodman of America. Miss Roxie Halsey, daughter of Jailer W. G. Halsey, died at her father's home here Thursday night. The father of the deceased, as well as her sisters and brother who survive here, have the sympathy of the entire community. Rev. John M. Tolson, whose illness was heretofore supposed to be on the verge of recovery, is now on the streets most every day, and his friends hope to see him his former self again right away. Esq. J. M. Taylor is working in the county court clerk's office this week. The Republican speaking, together with the Irvine brass band, brought a large crowd of men, women and children to the court house Monday afternoon. The audience was addressed by Hons. G. W. Gourley, candidate for Circuit Judge, and Z. T. Hurst, candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, and by John Jones, of Beattyville, James McQuinn, of Estill county, and Esq. Charles McQuinn, of this county. The speakers were introduced by State Senator Benj. Sewell, of this place. Campton Encampment, No. 23, will render a public program on the evening of June 10, beginning at 7:30 o'clock. This lodge has excelled all other lodges of the same kind in the State in the increase of membership, and on the night each member is to be presented with an appropriate badge. Refreshments will be served after the addresses have been delivered, and the public is invited.

Death Was on His Heels.

John P. Morris, of Skippers, Va., had a close call in the spring of 1906. He says: "An attack of pneumonia left me so weak with such a fearful cough that my friends declared consumption had me, and death was on my heels. Then I was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It helped me immediately, and after taking two and a half bottles I was a well man again. I found out that New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and lung disease in all the world." Sold under a guarantee by Jackson Drug Co. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

I have rented the Cooley Combs barn and am prepared to feed and care for your horses in the best of style. You are cordially invited to call and patronize me when in Jackson. WM. SMITH.

A Twenty Year Sentence.

"I have just completed a twenty year health sentence, imposed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me of bleeding piles just twenty years ago," writes O. S. Woolver, of Le Raysville, N. Y. Bucklen's Arnica Salve heals the worst sores, boils, burns, wounds and cuts in the shortest time. 25c at Jackson Drug Store.

THE F. A. LYON & SON CO. INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE, STOCKS AND BONDS LOANS NEGOTIATED.

AGENCIES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS IN EASTERN KENTUCKY.

Want Live, Energetic Men to Represent Us in Unoccupied Territory.

Address All Communications to the Company at Beattyville, Kentucky.

Republican Primary Election Call.

At a meeting of the Republican executive committee of the 23rd judicial district of Kentucky, held in Irvine, Ky., on April 23, 1908, pursuant to notice duly given, for the purpose of fixing the time, place and manner of nominating Republican candidates for the offices of Circuit Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney to be voted for at the November election, 1908, in said district, President Breathitt, J. B. McLin, by A. M. Arnold, proxy; F. H. J. Wolfe, G. W. Lovelace, L. H. Flynn was made chairman of said meeting and G. W. Lovelace was made secretary and treasurer.

On motion it is ordered that a primary election be held at each of the various precincts in said districts, to be held at the regular and usual voting places therein in the said counties of Breathitt, Estill, Lee and Wolfe, beginning at the hour of 6 o'clock a. m. and closing at 4 o'clock p. m., standard time, on the 20th day of June, 1908, for the said purpose of nominating the Republican candidates for circuit judge and commonwealth's attorney in said district, at which all Republicans and all other persons who are now in good faith affiliating with the Republican party and who will support the nominee of said primary election and who are now or will be legal voters at the regular November election, 1908, and who shall be legal electors and voters. The said primary election shall be held in all respects in accordance with the provisions of the laws of Kentucky and the rules of the Republican party governing such elections.

Within two days after the date of said election closes one of the judges and the sheriff of each of said voting precincts shall deliver the ballots, ballot boxes, certificates &c., to the chairman of the Republican committees of the respective counties who shall on the third day after said election at 10 o'clock a. m. compare and canvass the returns of said election, and immediately mail a certificate of said vote in said respective counties, signed by the chairman and secretary of the said county committees to the chairman of said district; and on the 27th day of June, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. the said district committee shall meet in Irvine, Kentucky, and compare said county returns and issue certificates of nomination to the successful candidates.

The expense of said primary election is estimated to be \$700.00, one-half of which shall be paid by the candidates for circuit judge and one-half to be paid by the candidates for Commonwealth's attorney.

Notice of said election shall be given by publishing a copy of this call in each of the newspapers in said district, and by posting a copy of this call on the court house door in each of the counties of said district at least forty days prior to said election.

All persons desiring to be candidates at said election shall notify the secretary of this committee at least fifteen days before the date

fixed for said election, and may pay to the treasurer his proportionate part of the expense of said election.
On motion it is ordered that this committee adjourn to meet at Beattyville, Ky., on Friday, June 5, 1908.

This April 23, 1908.
L. H. FLYNN, Chairman,
G. W. LOVELACE, Secretary.
A copy attested:
G. W. LOVELACE, Secretary.

Insko, Ky. June 5, 1908.

was here last week. Nelson Risner killed five large snakes last week, one being a large rattle snake. Floyd Watson, who has been staying on Lacy Creek for several months, has returned. Mrs. Ellen Crase, who has been sick for several days, is improving. Howard and Marion Bailey visited relatives at Belknap Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Jane Elam, of Magoffin county, was here visiting relatives Sunday. W. P. Taulbee attended the commencement exercises at Hazel Green last week. Wellington Patrick, of Magoffin county, has returned from the State College at Lexington. He is one of the best public school teachers in Eastern Kentucky.

MUGWUMP.

Stop with Hart Brothers, at the Reed Hotel while in Lexington.

He Got What He Needed.
"Nine years ago it looked as if my time had come," says Mr. C. Farthing, of Mill Creek, Ind. Tex. "I was so run down that my life hung on a very slender thread. It was then my druggist recommended Electric Bitters. I bought a bottle and got what I needed—strength. I had one foot in the grave, but Electric Bitters put it back on the turf again, and I have been well ever since." Sold under guarantee by Jackson Drug Co. 50c.

A Newspaper Bargain.

We want the Breathitt County News to go to every home in this judicial district during the campaign and are prepared to offer bargains that no one can afford to miss. We will furnish the Daily Courier-Journal and The News to December 1st for only \$1.50, or if you prefer the Louisville Daily Herald, we will furnish it and The News for the same time for \$1.75. The sooner you subscribe the more papers you will get. Our old subscribers who are paid in advance can have the Courier-Journal for \$1.25 or the Herald for \$1.50.

Plenty of Trouble

is caused by stagnation of the liver and bowels. To get rid of it and headache and biliousness and the poison that brings jaundice, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, the reliable purifiers that do the work without grinding or griping. 25c at Jackson Drug Store.

OFFICE IN CRAWFORD BLDG.,
JACKSON KY.

for such advertising.

FOR CIRCUIT JUDGE.

judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican party.

Z. T. HURST.

HAAG'S MONSTER PARADE
Daily at 1:30 P.M.

ERNEST HAAG

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY

Wholesale and Retail Merchandise,
JACKSON, - - - KENTUCKY.

READ THIS, GIRLS.

And Enter Your Names In the Contest.

We are thinking of offering a free trip to Niagara Falls to the most popular young lady in Breathitt county. It will be a six days trip and will include everything to be seen in Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara and Toronto and other side trips. The contest will be open to every young lady of good character in Breathitt county.

Every subscriber, both new and old, will be entitled to 100 votes for each dollar paid on subscription to The News and can vote them for whoever he pleases; the young lady getting the most votes to get the free trip. If a sufficient number of young ladies signify their intention to enter the contest we will put it on June 15, to last till August 10th, as the party will leave here August 15th.

A like contest will be open to the young ladies of Lee, Wolfe and Estill counties on the same conditions.

We must know who will enter by June 15th, when we will give a fuller description of the trip.

Isaac Combs, of Campton, was visiting relatives here during the week.

Wm. Lovely and wife, of Menifee county, are visiting friends here.

If you want a nice can of home rendered lard, call on H. Collins, the meat man.

Dr. C. H. Hurst, who has had a severe case of fever, is able to be out again.

A. Stidham and Mrs. Lucinda Simpkins, both of Jackson, were granted a license to marry by the county court clerk.

The miners of the Imperial coal mines are out on a strike. From 40 to 60 men are out of employment on account of it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. C. Bach were visiting Squire John Brown and Sanford Brown, of the lower Quicksand neighborhood Sunday.

Henry S. Barnett, foreman of The News office, was visiting friends in Lexington and Cincinnati from Saturday till Monday.

Everett Back, of Stevenson, returned from Berea Thursday, where he completed the course in the Normal Department of Berea college.

The Republican committee of this Judicial district meets at Beattyville today to make final arrangements for the primary to be held June 20th.

Hon. G. W. Sewell was at Lexington Wednesday. He says great preparations are being made for the Democratic convention, which will be held there next Thursday.

Mrs. J. H. Hammons is attending the commencement exercises at the Ashland College, Versailles, this week, where her sister, Miss Agnes Daniel, of Beattyville, graduates.

After a ten days visit with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Green, and sister, Mrs. Lee Woodward, Mrs. Walter Whitaker, and three little sons returned to their home in Cynthia, last Saturday.

Henry Turner, who was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for the murder of Elijah Howard, was paroled Tuesday. He had served about half of his term. It is claimed that the widow and children of the murdered man signed a request for parole.

The Republican campaign in this district is getting rather warm. Judge Gourley and Hon. Z. T. Hurst spoke at Campton Monday, Hazel Green Tuesday, Lee City Wednesday and at Wilbur Thursday to good crowds. They were accompanied on their tour by a brass band. Judge Adams met them at Lee City and Wilbur.

The pastor of the Baptist church will begin a series of sermons next Sunday on "The Mission of the Church at the Present Time." Subject at 11 a. m., "The Church and Its Fellowship." At 7:30 p. m., "The Characteristics of a Successful Church." A hearty invitation is extended to the men of the town to attend, especially the evening services.

LIFE SENTENCE

Given Allen Creech On Compromise Verdict.

The court has been engaged for the past week in the trial of felony cases.

Robert Collins, charged with breaking into an L. & E. freight car and taking goods therefrom, was given one year in the penitentiary.

Stephen Brewer, charged with malicious cutting and wounding Jeff Brewer with intent to kill, was acquitted.

Allen Creech, charged with the murder of Charles Robinson, was sentenced to life imprisonment. We understand that a large majority of the jury was for the infliction of the death penalty and only after three days' deliberation finally agreed to a life sentence in order to make a verdict.

The cases vs. Beech Hargis, Dan White and Ed Mullins were continued.

The juries were discharged Thursday after a ten days session. The Roger Spicer case, which was presided over by Judge Beckner, was given to the jury Thursday afternoon and on this morning returned a verdict of not guilty and the court was finally adjourned on account of the Republican primary which comes off June 20, in which some of the officers of the court are interested.

Divorces.

Ed Callahan and his wife were divorced from each other by order of the court Tuesday. Mrs. Callahan was restored to her maiden name of Spicer.

Mrs. Mary E. Stidham and Scott Stidham were divorced from each other Tuesday. Mrs. Stidham was restored to her former name of Deaton.

Brother Kills Sister.

Jimmie Dixon, the six-year-old son of J. A. Dixon, of Elkatawa, killed his eight-year-old sister, Maggie Dixon, Thursday evening, by hitting her in the side of the head with a rock. The killing is supposed to be an accident.

Bud Tolson was hit on the head with a club by Jeff Davis, last Sunday, near Obe Roberts. It was first reported that Tolson was killed and Davis was landed in jail, but the wound proved not to be serious and he was released on a small bond.

Report of Grand Jury.

The grand jury adjourned Tuesday after returning 120 indictments, 36, or more than one-fourth, against one man, Jere Bryant, for the illegal sale of whisky. Most of the other indictments were for misdemeanors, as very few felonies have been committed in this county since the last term. The following is the report of the jury submitted to the court:

We, the grand jury of Breathitt county, desire to make the following final report:

We have been in session for a period of eight days during this present term of court, and have made diligent inquiry into the various crimes and offenses that have been committed in Breathitt county and not heretofore investigated.

We have returned and filed in court 120 indictments, and have examined witnesses from all parts of the county touching the various crimes and offenses against the law.

It can be seen from the number of indictments that have been returned against violators of the liquor laws that we have given this form of public evil our closest attention, and we hope that these indictments and investigations will check, if they will not stop, these obnoxious evils.

We have examined the public offices in the court house and the jail and the public privy, and we find them in fairly good condition, except that the windows are in such condition in the upper side of the jail that weapons and other things can be handed in from the outside.

There has been some complaint on the part of the people of the county against overseers of roads for failure to keep the roads in repair, and we recommend that the roads be placed in better repair, and that the county officials should notify the surveyors and overseers of roads to take steps for the improvement of the public highways.

There are other matters that might have been investigated by this jury, but it seems that the charges that have been made against various persons will have a tendency to deter these and others in the violations and infractions of the law.

We desire to express our acknowledgments to the Judge of

J. R. BLAKE

Good News to Those Who Wear Shoes.

For the next ten days I will sell any of my shoe stock besides the Star Brand, for cash at 10 per cent less than cost.

Come and see and I will not only make you a satisfied customer but will leave you with a smile that won't wear off. You will find prices on my goods as low as the lowest.

J. R. BLAKE.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

COST IS VERY LITTLE and convenience very great.

The company expects to make only a reasonable profit and to give first-class service. O. A. Hagins or J. S. Pemberton will take your subscription. We do wiring at cost.

FLAT RATE.

1 lamp 16 c. p. per month	75
2 lamps " " each	65
3 to 5 lamps 16 c. p. each	55
6 to 10 lamps " " "	50
11 to 25 lamps " " "	40
26 or more " " "	30

Jacks Electric & Hydraulic Mfg. Co.

common weal, and when the moral and intellectual and religious influences shall combine to lead mankind to a brighter and a better day. C. W. I. Proff, Foreman.

AUCTION SALE

Of Watches, Saturday, July 4th, 1908.

I have on hand at the S. D. Fleenor Jewelry Store a lot of watches that have been repaired by S. D. Fleenor and held for charges. These watches have been here from two to five years and will be sold for the charges and as much more as they will bring at public outcry to the highest bidder, unless redeemed by the owner before the 4th day of July, 1908. The following is a list of the names of the persons who left the watches for repair and the amount of repair charges on each:

Dave Cornett 25c, Jordan Arrowood \$2.00, Bill Berry \$1.40, Johnson Brewer \$1.15, Dave Bolin \$1.75, Charles Chouse 50c, F. F. Caldwell \$2.00, John D. Crawford \$2.00, Hoy Crawford \$3.50, Robert Collins 75c, S. D. Caudill \$2.00, Pearl Cornett \$3.00, Estill Couch \$1.50, Neberry Combs 25c, James Deaton \$3.75, Hales Edwards \$2.00, John Fletcher \$1.00, O. B. Gay \$1.40, Curt Gross 50c, A. Mr. Haddix \$1.50, Boyd Hatton \$2.00, Simon Isom \$2.00, Grant Isom \$2.00, John Keith \$2.75, Steve McIntosh \$3.00, Tom McPherson 55c, James Oaks \$2.00, J. M. Pickelsimer \$2.00, Wm. Patton \$2.15, John Rolan \$1.00, Elvin Robbins \$1.75, G. B. Rose \$2.50, W. R. Williston 25c, George Raligh \$3.00, Robert Robinson \$2.00, Mays Wren \$2.50, Anee Robinson \$1.00, Isaac Smith \$3.50, Harve Strong \$1.00, Wayne Sizemore 35c, Henry Fallin \$1.25, G. W. Taulbee \$3.00, J. P. Turner \$2.00, J. W. Walker \$2.50.

All of said watches not redeemed I will offer for sale at the S. D. Fleenor Jewelry Store on

Saturday, the 4th day of July, 1908, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. and they will all positively be sold at some price. Come, everybody, and get a good watch at your own price. G. W. FLEENOR, Executor.

W. A. Young, of Morehead, who has been engaged for the defense of Beech Hargis, was here during the week.



CUT GLASS and WEDDING SILVER.

Articles of beauty and usefulness combined.

75c to \$5 and upward.

RELIABLE QUALITY. LOW PRICES.

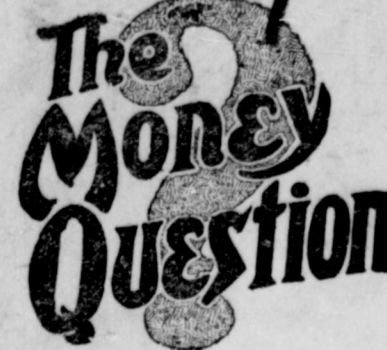
Heintz,

JEWELER,

Main St., opp. Phoenix, LEXINGTON, KY.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.



This is the Question.

Whether it is better to keep your money in a drawer or safe and dole it out in payments of accounts and bills or to bank it and pay by check? There can be but one answer to this—bank it, and check it out.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH US.

It will systematize your affairs, teach you economy, and bring you into contact with the best people of the community. Three Per Cent Interest Paid on Time and Savings Deposits.

JACKSON DEPOSIT BANK, JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

MIXED PAINTS.

Just received a full line which we guarantee

THE BEST.

Will cover more space, last longer and look better than any other paint made. Call and see color cards and get prices.

ELACE, Secretary.

ACE, Secretary.

Jackson Drug Co.

You Will Get All That's Coming to You.

THERE IS NO FAKERY

In our method of business; for every dollar you pay us you get one hundred cents value in return.

We Believe in Square Treatment.

Your money's worth all the time. We might use up a page of space talking about our goods; then you wouldn't know how good they are.

COME TO OUR STORE.

So you can see for yourself—that's the surest way

Crawford & Co.

JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

MARTIN T. KELLY ATTORNEY AT LAW OFFICE IN HURST BLDG. JACKSON, KY.

Dr. H. P. DUFF, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, JACKSON, KY.

Dr. C. H. HURST, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in Postoffice Building. Phone 54. Jackson, Ky.

REMOVAL.

I have moved to McCormick near Campton Junction, where I will continue my business of making

Monuments AND TOMBSTONES.

Any one wanting anything in my line will please write me at McCormick, Ky. I will make monthly visits to Jackson and hope all my friends will save their orders for me.

R. M. SHELLEY

MR. PRATT

A TALE OF THE CAPE
COD FISHER FOLK.

By
Joseph C. Lincoln.

Copyright, 1907, by A. S.
Barnes & Company.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Sparrow's Diagnosis.

Eureka was on hand bright and early the next day and it didn't take her long to see that she was worth her salt. She took hold like a good one and had breakfast—and a mighty good breakfast—ready right on time. I don't know when I've enjoyed a meal like I did that one, sure all the while that I hadn't got to turn to and wash the dishes afterwards. I went out to my garden feeling like a sick man who had turned the corner and was on the road to getting well again.

And from then on the Natural Life was easy for all of us, for quite a spell. The new girl was a wonder! So she'd go through Marcellus' old home like a hurricane, sweeping and dusting and singing. She was most always singing—that is, when she wasn't talking. She had a queer program of music, too, running from hymn tunes to songs she'd heard the boarders use over at the hotel. One minute I would be, "Land Ahead! Is Fruite 'Lare Waving," and the next meeting somebody "in the shade of the old apple tree."

One day I came in and she was piping up about how everybody in her house worked but her dad, or words to that effect.

"Hello!" says I. "Did you make that up out of your head?"

"No," she says. "It's a new one that Lycurgus heard over to the Old Home house. It sounded so as if 'twas made for our family that it kind of stuck in Lys' craw and he come home and told it to me."

"Everybody works but father, and he sets round all day," she went on. "Thought it might jar him some, but it didn't. He said 'twas funny. Maybe I'd think so, too, if I was him."

How Hartley laughed when he heard her singing. She tickled the Twins most to death, anyway. She was as sharp as a whip and as honest as a Quaker parson. When her first day came she set her squared-top boot down and simply would not take the extra two dollars wages. She said even a hog knew when it had enough, and she wasn't a hog. Martin told me he was going to make it up to her some other way. The Heavens were right interested in her; but not more so than I was in them.

She and I had a great confab when we were alone together. She asked me how many questions about Hartley and Van Brunt; why they were living this way, and how they used to live and all. I told her some of what Lord James had told me, but not the whole. I left out about the engaged business, because I figured it wasn't any of her affairs. I figured it wasn't any of her affairs, I figured it wasn't any of her affairs, I figured it wasn't any of her affairs.

"Do you think they're crazy?" she asks. "Nate Scudder says they act as if they was."

"You've got me," says I. "I don't make up my mind yet. 'What makes 'em go in swimming every morning?' she wanted to know. 'Why, to take a bath, I guess,' says I. 'Van Brunt told me he always took his 'plunge' when he was home. 'Nate Scudder says they act as if they was.'"

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much about 'em." She read the police committee trials in a stack of three or four-year-old newspapers and they'd fix her, far's policemen was concerned. She didn't take any stock in Hartley's being down our way for his health. She said she had made up her mind what was the matter with him. "What ails him," says she, "is 'Grl.'" "Grl?" says I. "Yup, 'He's in love.'"

I set back and looked at her. Mind you I hadn't said one word about Agnes Page or the busted engagement. "Get out!" I says, finally. "What did he come here for, then? There ain't a female native in this neighborhood that wouldn't stop a clock—present company excepted, of course."

"It don't make no difference. He's in love, and he's come here to forget his troubles. You never read 'Paine, but 'Paine, or the Bride Borel,' did you?" I thought out. Why, East Well-mouth is glory alongside of some places that young men in love goes to. You wait, I'll find out that girl's name some of these days."

She said that Van Brunt wasn't in love; which struck me funny, knowing what I did. "Twain's so very long after this that the Heavens and me drove to South Eastwich to visit the Fresh Air school. I don't think Hartley would have gone if it hadn't been that his name was 'specially mentioned' in the note from Agnes. Even then Van had to say that he wouldn't go unless his chum did."

We left Eureka to keep house. It seemed to suit her first rate. "You wait till that Scudder man comes," she says to me. "I want to talk to him about the milk he's been leaving."

"What's the matter with it?" I asks. "Ain't he giving full measure?"

"Not of milk he ain't," she says. "It's too thick to wash with and too blue to drink. I'm going to tell him we've got a pump ourselves."

The Fresh Air school was a big old farmhouse with considerable land around it. The youngsters had lots of room to run and carry on. All hands was at the door to meet us, Agnes and Miss Talford and Reddy, and all the inmates. The Heavens had stopped in the village and got a big freezer full of ice cream—they ordered it ahead—and, well, I thought we'd got a warm welcome, but when the children saw that freezer—

The ladies shook hands with us and asked us in. Lord James was there in all his glory. You could see that his new job suited him down to his shoes. No hard work, no sailing or such like, good easy bosses and plenty of picking on the side. I judged, I turned the horse and carriage over to him, under protest, and we went into the house.

"First of all, Ed," said the Page girl, turning to Van Brunt, "I want to thank you, on behalf of the children, for your kindness in sending them the fruit. It is delicious. You should see the dears every day when the express comes with the basket."

Van looked puzzled. "Fruit?" he says. "I don't understand. Do you know anything about fruit, skipper?"

I pleaded not guilty. Hartley didn't seem to hear. He was busy talking with Miss Talford.

"Why?" says Agnes. "Doesn't it come from you? We have been receiving the loveliest basket of fruit from Boston every morning. I thought of course you had ordered it for us. Didn't you, really?"

Van shook his head. "It takes a man with the ordinary amount of brains and thoughtfulness to do things like that," he says. "I'm miles below the average in such things. In all but carelessness and general idiocy I'm a bear on the market. Here, Martin! Miss Talford, please excuse him for a moment, will you? Martin, eye you responsible for this fruit?"

Hartley was as unburdened that you couldn't have told if he did blush. But he acted nervous and uneasy.

"It was nothing," he said. "I knew the youngsters liked such things, and the stuff you get here isn't eatable. Then James is a success, Miss Talford, you say?"

But he didn't get off quite as easy as that. Agnes looked up surprised and I thought, pleased.

"That you, Mr. Hartley," she said. "Was kind of you, and very thoughtful."

Of course the Talford girl thanked him, too. He acted a good deal like he wished 'em hadn't come.

But I guess that feeling wore off after a while. It seemed to me that Miss Page was considerable pleasant to him than I'd seen her yet. She talked to him more and there wasn't so much of that chilly "heads-off" kind of manner in her voice. Two or three times they seemed almost friendly, as you might say, and toward the end of the day Hartley's blueness, that was always with him when she was in sight, had pretty nearly disappeared. He seemed quite happy, for him—not his usual careless, don't-care kind of jollity, either.

One thing that I think Agnes noticed was the way the boy, Reddy, stuck to him. You could see that the little chap's idea of a first-class brick was Martin Hartley. And another sure thing was that Reddy was the Page girl's favorite. She was always running after him to see what he was doing, that he didn't get hurt, or such like. One time when she'd come on this kind of an errand, and the Twins and Miss Talford and me was left together, I spoke up and says:

"That small fire top is considerable on Miss Agnes' mind, ain't he?" Margaret Talford laughed. "He's the apple of her eye," says she. "She fairly worships him. I'm sure I don't know why, for he's the worst mischief-maker in the school. But Agnes' sympathy seems to run to the black sheep. Were you a black sheep, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van shook his head, very solemn. "I was," says he, "but the cleansing influence of the Natural Life has removed the upper coating. You can see that she doesn't find it necessary to run after me. I flatter myself that I'm rapidly becoming—what is it that our new cook slugs, skipper? Oh, yes! 'Wittier than snow.'"

"Wittier than snow," says I. "You notice my aboriginal purity, Miss Talford?" "I hadn't as yet," she says. "I'll call Agnes' attention to it."

"Pray don't," says he. "I'm not altogether certain of its lasting qualities."

"What are you talking about?" says I, soon's I could get my breath. "Just what I said. He's in love with Miss Page. And I'm going to help him get her."

"Humph!" says I. "You be, hey? Well, how about poor Van? What do you want to shove him into the cold for? He ain't done anything to you, has he?"

She shook her sunbonnet and looked wise. "That's all right," she says. "I've got my ideas about him, too. Anyway I'm going to help Mr. Hartley."

Suppose you keep an eye on me instead, until I'm sure that it is enamel and not whitewash." That was a sample of the talk of them two. Just nonsense, but they seemed to enjoy it first rate. At dinner Van entertained the crowd, as usual, with stories about the island and our doings on it. He told how the Ark upset, and 'twas wild enough anyhow, but when he'd finished embroidering it 'twas a regular crazy quilt. Then he begun with Eureka. He didn't know much about Washy, except from the girl's talk, for Hartley never me hadn't told much of our experience. So all he said was that the old man was sick. Agnes Page seemed a good deal interested.

After they'd finished eating she asked me considerable many questions. "Is he all alone there, the poor sick man?" she asked.

"No, no!" says I. "There's children enough to help out a whole hospital. He's all right."

"But those children ought not to have to stay at home," says she. "They need the air and exercise and schooling."

"They don't look as if they was wasting away," I told her. "Eureka's as good as a man to 'em—and better than a pa—her pa, anyway."

She seemed to be thinking. "The poor fellow," she says, referring to Washy. I judged. "I must drive over and see him."

I told her Hartley had promised to help Eureka. She seemed real pleased. Her face kind of lit up. She walked away then and didn't say no more.

Lord James and me had our dinner together. I pumped him about the girls and how he liked 'em.

"They're all right," he says. "As perfect ladies and as generous and open 'anded as I could wish."

"Which do you like best?" I asked. "I haven't a choice," he says. "Miss Page is a good 'unskeeper. Almost too good if I may say it. A lady ain't ought to meddle with household affairs, not when she has a competent man to attend to 'em for 'er. Miss Talford now, she's different. I'd like to work for 'er always."

"But she ain't going to be Mrs. Van Brunt instead of 'other," says I. "Then you'd have an easy berth. Don't it seem to you that Miss Page and your boss ain't say too thick for engaged folks?"

"No, indeed!" says he, scornful. "Lord love you, you'd ought to see some married folks as I've worked for. My word 'Em and 'er ladyship, they—"

He was on his English tack now and you never could get him off it when he was started good. I didn't get much satisfaction out of him.

I got more a while later, though. Just afore we started for home Hartley—

ley. I thought and thought. And then, without exactly meaning to, I spoke my thought out loud.

"I believe I'll help you help him," says I. She wasn't a bit surprised. "Humph!" she says. "That's no news. You've been trying to help him for ever so long."

"What do you think of that? There wasn't nothing slow or dull about that Sparrow didn't enough to fret yourself over, did he?"

It was August 1st. The nice weather held out right along and one day on Ozone Island was a good deal like the next.

And yet it seemed to me that there was little changes. For instance, take the matter of food. When we first arrived there was nothing but that Natural Life book; the heavenly Twins was at it continuous, and such a thing as a newspaper or magazine was what Van Brunt called an "abomination."

He didn't get a paper but he had fire with that old poverty grass for that. But now the Natural Life seed was laid on the dining room table, piece most of the time, with a layer of dust on it, and Scudder fetched the Boston and New York newspapers every day. And magazines and books began to come in the mail.

I remember one day, Hartley set reading the New York Evening Post, that part of it he called the "financial page." At all once he spoke.

"By Jove!" Van, he says. "Consolidated Tea Lead is up three points from last week's quotations. There must be something doing!"

Van looked at him, kind of sad and disappointed.

"Martin," says he, "are you falling from grace? Get thee behind me, Satan. Give me that financial sheet. Hartley laughed and tossed it over."

"There!" says he, chuckling. "That up and shoving it into his pocket. 'That disturbing influence is out of the way. Let us discuss the simple and satisfying subject of agriculture. There is an article on 'The Home Garden' in this month's number of The Rural Gentleman, which should be instructive to our friend Mr. Pratt, plover of sea and soil. Skipper, lend me your ears. I'll return them shortly.'"

Then he commenced to read that magazine piece out loud to me, very solemn, and stopping every once in a while to check in some ridiculous advice on his own account. This had got to be a regular thing. Every bit of fern news I had to hear. The garden was Van's next job.

"What," says he, when the reading was done, "is the latest crop bulletin, Sol?"

"I have the honor to report," says I, "that from the present outlook we'll have two cornstalks, one tomato vine and three cucumber plants really in sight by to-morrow morning. That is, if the sand don't blow in and cover 'em up in the night."

"God!" he says. "I move that the report be accepted. Martin, don't let me see you wasting your time on the trifling of the street when there are such serious matters to claim our attention."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from these distressing ailments to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

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Which was all right, only that very afternoon I saw him; himself, out behind the barn, reading that Post financial page and looking mighty interested.

They were more anxious to be doing things than when they first come. Hartley's health was improving all the time, and that probably accounted for his livelier air. I took 'em sailing most every day and they wanted to fish and shoot and the like of that.

Once we went on a cruise after shore birds. I bagged a few, but the Twins couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a cannon, so they didn't have no luck. But a little later Van went out alone with Nate Scudder and I'll be blessed if he didn't come back with a dozen peep and ring-necked. Then the way he crowded over me and Martin was scandalous, till, a week later, Hartley himself went gunning with Nate and fetched home 15, bigger and better than his chum's. And after this, of course, 'twas nothing but what a great hunter Scudder was, and rubbing it into me.

The hotel boarders and the town folks was mighty interested in the Ozone Islanders by this time. The picnic boats from the Old Comfort house generally sailed close to our point to give the passengers a chance to look over our outfit. Sometimes the boats stopped, and then the Twins would take an observation from an upstairs window, and if they liked the looks of the crowd, would come down and keep what they called "open house."

"Open house" always meant more work for Eureka and me. Lucky for us, 'twas pretty seldom that the Heavens liked their callers' looks well enough to open up.

The Baptist minister and his wife came over to call. There was going to be a "lawn fete and sale" at the church pretty soon; and the idea was to get the Twins to "donate" something. Van Brunt was full of his high jinks that day, and he took that poor parson and his wife in tow.

First he carted 'em out to the hayrack. He paraded 'em and down in front of the coops, pointing out the scraggly Plymouth Rocks as if they was some kind of freaks, like ostriches. He said they ate a bag of corn a day and laid one egg a week, so he figured that every egg was worth five dollars or so. What did the parson think of a donation of half a dozen of them eggs?

"Not to eat, you understand," says Van; "but as rarities, as curiosities."

The minister was a young fellow, not long out of college, and pretty straight-laced. But he had some fun in him.

"If I might suggest," he says, "I think one of the hens themselves would be more acceptable and profitable. Among our summer people there is a great demand for 'antiques.' Now one of those hens—"

That tickled Van. He told Hartley afterwards that the minister was a trump. He donated liberal—not with eggs nor poultry neither—and promised that he and Hartley would attend the sale.

And they did. And so did Eureka and me. The lawn fete was held in the meeting house front yard, and 'twas all rigged up fine with flags and tissue paper and bunting. There was a grab bag and a cake table and a fancy goods table, and I don't know what all. All the summer folks was there, and most of the town women and girls, and the prices charged for things would have been highway robbery if it hadn't been a church that was charging 'em.

The Heavens bought and bought and bought. They bought everything—the foolishest things. Van bought three pair of embroidered suspenders and a crocheted tidy and a pin cushion, and Martin got a worsted afghan and a hand-painted soft pillow, so fresh that the paint came off on your hands when you touched it. And 'twas all quiet colored paint neither. And when you rubbed off one layer there was another underneath. Lucretia Daniels' daughter had painted it; she was taking lessons and her ma said that she'd painted that pillow over much as a dozen times, because the colors wasn't "blending right" or the subject didn't suit her. 'Twos so stiff with paint on top that 'twould have been like ramming your head into fence to lay on it.

He took out his vest pocket memorandum book and tore out ten pages into little squares. Then he made numbers on these squares with a pen. First of these he put into his hat, and the next I knew, he was standing on a chair, waving the bedquilt with one hand and the hat with 'other.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouts. "Here is positively the last chance to secure this magnificent—er—er—Lambrykin, made by the deserving poor to cover the red dress rich. Competition has been so strong that no one person has been able to buy it. The only solution would be a syndicate, and the syndicate is opposed to trusts. Therefore I am authorized to—then he bent down and whispered: 'Mr. Morton, kindly give me whatever small change you have left.'"

The minister looked puzzled, but he handed up a half dollar. Van Brunt reaches into the hat and takes out one of the folded slips of paper.

"Here you are, sir," says he. "Treasure that as you would your life. Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is a raffle. The minister starts it. Tickets are anything you please, provided it's enough. Come early and avoid the rush."

There was a kind of gasp from all the church people. The members of the sewing circle looked at each other with the most horrified kind of faces. The parson, Mr. Morton, run forward.

"Just a minute, Mr. Van Brunt, if you please," he sings out.

But Van waved him away. The summer folks come after them tickets like a whirlwind, laughing and shouting, and passing up dollars and cents, hardly any time before the hat was empty and the Twin's jacket pocket was full of money. Then he fills up the hat with more pieces of paper.

"These are duplicates of the numbers sold," says he. "The drawing will now take place. Here, Bill!"

He grabs a little shaver by the coat collar and lifts him up to the chair. Old lady Patterson, the deacon's wife, set up a scream.

"Stop!" she yells. "My child shall not be shaved!"

"It takes but a moment, madam," says Van, waving to her, calm and easy. "Now, Julius Caesar, please take one of those numbers from the hat."



"Here is positively the Last Chance to Secure This Magnificent—er—er—Lambrykin."

The boy reddened up and grinned and looked foolish, but he stuck a freckled paw in and took out a piece of paper.

"Number 14," shouts Van Brunt. "Number 14 secures the—the tapestry. Who's the lucky one?"

Everybody unfolded their papers, but there didn't seem to be any 14. Hartley had three, but he wasn't in it.

"Number 14," Van calls. "Who is it? Mr. Morton, you began this. Where is your ticket?"

The minister looked dreadfully troubled. "Really," he stammered, "I—I—it was a mistake. I—"

"Here's yours, Mr. Morton," says a little girl. "You dropped it on the ground."

The parson looked pretty sick. He reached for it, but Van got it first.

"Number 14 it is," he says. "Our esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Morton, secures the prize. That's as it should be. Three cheers for Mr. Morton!"

The summer folks give the cheers, but the church folks looked pretty average wild, I thought.

I forgot how much was in Van Brunt's pocket. That bedquilt fetched in enough money to pretty high buy the parson's house.

The Twins felt good. They figured that they'd made a hit at that "lawn fete."

"Great success, my raffle idea, wasn't it, skipper?" says Van Brunt on the way home.

I didn't answer right off. Eureka spoke up.

"Well," she says, "it sold the bedquilt, but I wouldn't wonder if it made the new minister lose his job. You see, 'twas gambling, and that church is dreadful down on gambling. Mrs. Patterson told me that she should have her husband call a parish meeting right off. I guess you won't be invited to no more sales this year."

And we wasn't. Poor Martin had an awful time explaining, and the only way he could get out of it was to lay it heavy on the Twins. He had to preach a sermon giving gambling fits, and all around town 'twas nothing but how dissipated and wicked the Heavens was. We wasn't fit for decent folks to associate with.

But I ain't been able to learn, even yet, that the bedquilt money was returned to the ticket buyers.

Van got a long letter from Agnes Page a little later, saying that she had heard of